
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1827.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

THE only being in the village church, that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far beyond the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir. Some days after, while I was meditating on the vanities of life, in the village church-yard, the toll of the bell announced the approach of a funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated at the altar. She was supported by

a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble racking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life, at best, is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

I was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had been with the widow at the funeral: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the afflicting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—"Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so

sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him on a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on her good man's; and, poor soul! she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling towards her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened.

A stranger came out; and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated, and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on the ground before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye.—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting; where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he

was still alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency,—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness! Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and cherish him, in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him. Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe; lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affection, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance; and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday, I was at the village church, when, to my

surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat, on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty ; a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts, to express by outward signs that grief that passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monument, the stately hatchments ; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief, was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church ; and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

D. D.

TO MY TWIN BOYS.

GAY morning Pilgrims! no dark cloud of care
Shall cross your early path. Your eyes shall meet
A charm in every scene ; for all things greet
The dawn of life with hues divinely fair!
How brightly now your rosy features wear
The trace of guiltless joy! Your bosoms beat
With no foreboding dreams,—your cup is sweet,
The manna of delight is melting there!
Twin buds of Life and Love!—my hope and pride!
Fair priceless jewels of a Father's heart!
Stars of my home! nor sin nor sorrow hide,
Your beauty yet ;—your stainless years depart
Like glittering streams that softly murmur by,
Or white-winged birds that pierce the sunny sky!

D. L. R.

ESCAPE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

BY MISS BENDER.

THE castle of Lochleven has been long mouldering in decay: the strength of those compact, round towers, which so often repelled the English invader, has yielded to time; the steep stone stairs leading to the state apartments have been transported, for the purpose of constructing dykes, to the opposite shore; even the chamber once occupied by Mary Stuart, is with difficulty to be distinguished in the surrounding mass of ruins. The lake alone, with the exception of the few scattered habitations erected on its banks, which disturb not the faith of historical associations, presents the same aspect that it wore in other days; and we may spare a glance to the modest roof where the too-early lamented poet, Michael Bruce, first saw the light, without losing the pleasurable consciousness of reality with which we linger on the spot where Mary landed after her memorable escape from Lochleven, that critical moment, the most agitated, perhaps the happiest, of her calamitous existence. It is natural, that the lovers of Scottish history should approach these desolated walls with the expectation of discovering some local illustrations of the mournful scenes which, in 1566, were here exhibited, and which form in a manner the prelude to Mary's tragedy.

Of two brothers residing, at this time, at the castle, the younger, named George, was of a nature more susceptible of generous sympathies;—from him Mary won pity by her tears; she obtained his friendship by her confidence, and he engaged in her cause with compassionated zeal; but his first attempt for her relief miscarried, and served but to furnish pretexts for treating the Queen with greater rigour. "Help me," she wrote to Catherine Medicis, "help me, speedily; or I shall perish in this place." At this moment, Mary saw herself bereaved of her only friend. George had been expelled the castle; but he left another youth equally devoted to the Queen's cause, and more able to sustain it. This new champion was a stripling of seventeen, an orphan kinsman of the house of Douglas, and entirely dependant on the bounty of his powerful clansman. No

latent ambition kindled the zeal that glowed within his breast—he was humble and obscure; no juvenile vanity had suggested such dreams of passion as George Douglas was believed to cherish. His efforts were prompted by pity and patriotism; if he failed in the enterprise, he might expect to forfeit his life; if he succeeded, he was sure to lose the friendship of the house of Douglas. Never was courage more strikingly exemplified, never was intrepidity more happily blended with prudence, than in this modest youth. Convinced that the boldest course is the safest, he resolved, at supper-time, in the face of the assembled household, to steal from the niche, in which they were deposited, the keys of the castle, and to avail himself of the succeeding prayers to effect the liberation of the Queen of Scots. Apprized of his plan, through the medium of Catherine Kennedy, Mary, on the plea of indisposition, refused next Sunday morning to rise from her bed; and by this manœuvre she was at length relieved from the presence of her odious spies, who gladly quitted her for the supper-table. No sooner was she freed from their vigilance, than without even waiting to change her night-clothes, she precipitately left the apartment, supported by Catherine, who had, however, taken the precaution to suspend a shawl from the window as a signal of the enterprise. Softly and cautiously, the Queen descended, equally alarmed by imaginary sounds and real silence. At the foot of the stairs she paused in an agony of suspense—all was still. Without venturing to articulate a single word, she counted the minutes that must have elapsed since the critical moment when Douglas was to secrete the keys. Even then he had to achieve another task almost equally difficult, in withdrawing unnoticed from the assembled congregation. The chances of success were few, the risk most imminent. Another minute passed, and suddenly, like the phantom of a dream, appeared the active but diminutive form of William Douglas, at once beckoning the fugitives to approach, and significantly motioning to them to observe silence. The Queen and Catherine pursued his steps, each gliding like a nocturnal spectre, till they reached the first and most important gate, to which Douglas presented one of the four massive keys concealed under his cloak. At that sound the Queen shuddered, so overwhelming was the dread of discovery; but her conductor, with perfect coolness, quickly opened and then cau-

tiously relocked the portal. In like manner he cleared the second gate, and again in spite of the Queen's impatience, observed the same precaution. At the third portal no obstacle occurred; at the fourth the baying of a dog excited in the Queen such alarm, that she no sooner found herself without the walls, than she darted towards the boat, regardless of the stones that bruised her feet, from which, for safety, she had put off her shoes; and springing into the boat, which had been drawn to the shore, she conjured Douglas not to lose a single moment. Having reached the middle of the lake, Douglas threw from the boat the four heavy keys, which impeded its course; meanwhile, Catherine seized an oar, and rowed with all her strength. But, instead of making for the nearest land, Douglas steered towards a more distant part, contiguous to the wood, in which the fugitives might be sheltered from pursuit. With what exultation did he now discover, on the margin of the lake, a horse evidently prepared to assist their course, and as was now apparent, attended by George Douglas, who, in conjunction with Lord Seaton and John Beaton, both included in the number of Mary's confidential friends, had, in different stations, reconnoitered the coast. It were superfluous to speak of joy in such a moment, but faint were the transports with which Mary was hailed by Lord Seaton, to the rapturous emotions with which the two Douglasses reciprocated congratulations. With what pride did they convey her to Neddry! with what triumph did they see her lodged in the palace of Hamilton!

Thus happily terminated an enterprise of which it was the peculiar features that none suffered by it in person or fortune. Even George Douglas, after a temporary exile in France, returned to Scotland, and was rewarded with the hand and fortune of a noble heiress. John Beaton, one of his auxiliaries, attached himself to Mary's service; and little William Douglas, as he was called, continued in her household, and was one of the individuals mentioned in that last testament, which was written a few hours before her death, with expressions of gratitude and regret. In like manner Catharine Kennedy retained the intimacy of the Queen, to which she had been admitted by participating in her sorrows: and during all her subsequent trials and misfortunes, Mary was soothed by the presence, or sustained by the counsels, of those whose fidelity and attachment had been approved at Lochleven.

DOMESTIC MANNERS
OF
PERSIAN AND ARAB LADIES.

As for the ladies of this part of the world, I could tell of 'Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray'—and of Arab beauties, under the weight of whose charms 'a camel would groan,' as one of their countrymen and ardent admirers assured me. But you shall have a more detailed account of my visit to the Imám. His Highness received us at the door of his house, which was once a Portuguese monastery; and conducted us into a room where we found chairs arranged in a row on each side. I sat down on the second in the row; upon which the Imám intimated his desire that I should take the seat nearest the door, which seems to be the place of distinction for the same reason as, in England, the one furthest from the door, or because it is the most comfortable. Coffee was handed round, then sherbet in silver cups and saucers, and afterwards another sort of sherbet flavoured with rose-water. After sitting for some time, during which the Imám spoke very feelingly upon the fatal effects of a plurality of wives in filling the house with factions and disputes, it was proposed that I should proceed into the haram. I was prepared for this visit, as it had been intimated to me that the ladies were very curious to see me; but I was a little surprised at seeing the Imám prepare to accompany me. He conducted me up a broad staircase to the top of the house, where, in a small apartment covered with a very handsome Persian carpet, was seated his wife, surrounded by her slaves, a crowd of women of all nations and complexions. She rose to receive us; but of her beauty there was no opportunity of judging, as her face was concealed by an embroidered mask, and her figure by a quantity of cumbrous drapery. From the chin to the waist she was literally cased in jewels. Her garments were red, bordered with gold, and she had an amber-coloured cashmere shawl thrown over her head, which, as the heat of the day increased, she exchanged for a very beautiful one of thin purple muslin with a rich border of gold. The furniture of the room consisted of the before-mentioned carpet, some chairs and couches, and a table which looked as if it might have belonged to the Portuguese, and which I imagine

was placed there temporarily for my accommodation. It had been likewise covered with a piece of white cloth, and upon this breakfast was placed; in the arrangement of which the Imám took a very active part, placing many of the dishes with his own princely hands. The breakfast was excellent, consisting of roasted fowls, pillaws, &c. with a quantity of sweetmeats and fruit, and two or three sorts of sherbet. The cups and plates were of handsome English china, but of every sort and size; the spoons were of silver, and the knives and forks new and handsome. These last-mentioned articles are quite useless in an Arab family, as people of all ranks use only their fingers in eating. After breakfast, which nobody partook of but my little boy and myself, the Imám departed, saying he would come for me in an hour or two. The ladies rose and continued standing while he walked out of the room; and then resuming their seats with an appearance of ease and comfort very different from their previous constrained and formal manner, they began talking with great volubility. An old Persian lady, who was of the party, immediately laid aside her veil, but the Arab women retained their masks, notwithstanding my request to be favoured with a sight of their countenances. They were very curious in examining my dress, and the old lady I really feared was proceeding to undress me. They invited me to bathe, which was rather an unexpected piece of politeness, and I suspect was suggested by their desire to extend their examination of my garments. Upon my declining it, a little gold box of antimony was produced, with a golden wire attached to it by a chain, and they begged that I would at least allow them to paint my eyes, which they assured me would very much improve my looks. The old lady tried to tempt me by describing the effect which my eyes thus adorned, would have upon the gentlemen when I went down to them. One of the slaves who spoke Hindostanee, acted as interpreter. I asked her how the ladies occupied themselves during the day; if they worked or read. She said, "no, they *sat down*—that was all." They gave me a specimen of their amusements, by bringing a little slave girl, who squatted down, and in that posture jumped about in order to make a large cockatoo imitate her motions. After some time, the Imám returned; and upon my signifying that I wished to depart, he said that a horse and palanquin were waiting for me, and I could take which I chose.

His wife then brought a gold box with atar of roses, and perfumed my clothes, and sprinkled me with rose-water, and I took my leave. The Imám accompanied me down stairs, and put me into the palanquin, shutting the doors to keep out the sun, with all the attentive civility of an European gentleman."

"From the Imám's house I expected to be carried to that of his secretary and minister. However, upon ascending a steep and narrow staircase, at the foot of which the palanquin had been set down, I found a lady waiting to receive me. She was a Persian, and wore neither mask nor veil. The head-dress was a sort of gold tiara of very elegant form, from which a transparent drapery, edged with gold, fell in graceful folds till it swept the ground; and her dark hair, platted in innumerable braids, reached below her knees. She took me by the hand and led me into a room filled with women, both Arabians and Persians; the fact being, that all the lady's acquaintance had taken this opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. Here there was a second breakfast, and my little boy and I were obliged to exert ourselves to do honour to it, though, after all, our efforts fell far short of the expectations of the ladies, who expressed their surprise at seeing us eat so little, accompanied by many exhortations to us not to be bashful. Their manners were civil and good-natured, but riotously mirthful. Another pot of antimony was produced, and I was obliged to defend my face with my hands to prevent my eyes from being blacked. They were determined to perform the operation upon my little boy; who took it as a great affront, and resisted with all his might. I found that my hostess was the principal wife of the minister; in which place I should observe, that every wife has generally a separate house, and the husband another. Her manners were more pleasing and courteous than those of the Arab ladies I had left; a superiority which I observed in all the Persian women. She had not only her eyes blacked with antimony, but her eye-brows painted with the same preparation, the lines being extended so as to meet, and at the junction branching into an ornament something like a fleur-de-lis. A blueish spot on each side of the mouth, in size rather less than a sixpence, and I think a smaller one on the chin, seemed to have been done by some operation like tattooing. Unfortunately for all these ornaments, the day was very warm, and the moisture consequent thereupon had brought off the black paint, which trick-

led down her face in a very unsightly manner. From this house I was carried to the house occupied by the minister himself, where I found the Europeans of our party. There I was invited to visit another wife. I was in fear of a third breakfast; however, she contented herself in producing tea. There is a Persian saying, that a man, to live happily, should have the wine of Shiraz, the bread of Yendicas, and a wife from Yezd. This lady was a native of Yezd, and had only been in Maskat three months. I remember she complained of the climate, and seemed altogether not very well satisfied with her situation. She had a handsome Jewish face, with a brunette complexion, and the most beautiful eyes I ever beheld. They were not blacked as usual, but indeed no painting could have added any thing to the blackness of their long silken lashes. But the most amusing visit I paid, was after I was better acquainted with some of the Arab ladies. During this visit I succeeded in prevailing on them to indulge me with a sight of their faces. They would not pull off their masks themselves, but they allowed their companions to go behind them and untie the string. And then such an exhibition of bashfulness and modesty took place. They covered their faces with their hands, and some of them threw themselves on the floor. But after all, there seemed to be no occasion, for any extraordinary beauty that was in them. In truth, my expectations being excited, I was sadly disappointed. They had dingy complexions, and large hooked noses, and their hair cut short and straight over the forehead, as the maid-servant used to wear hers in the days of our youth."

MISS WRIGHT.

This enthusiastic lady, the author of "Views of Society and Manners," and of "Some Days in Athens," has, in conjunction with a sister, devoted herself to the task of ameliorating the condition of black slaves in the United States. The scene of this effort is called Memphis, in West Tennessee, where slavery is abolished. The slaves are purchased from their owners; and are retained in a mild state of slavery for three years, in order by their labour to defray their expenses.

THE SOLDIER AND SOLITARY MAN.

(Concluded from page 79.)

"No, sit by me!" cried the young soldier, involuntarily attempting to draw the leper towards him. The latter started back.—"Rash man!" exclaimed he, "you would have seized my hand!" "And, if I had done so, it might have been rude persuasion; but, believe me, it would have been the touch of a friend!"—"O! it would have been the first time this poor hand has been conscious to any human touch;—and I would not that first, should injure you." "What!" returned the officer, amazed, "if none else, did not that sister of whom you spoke, in her tender watchfulness—" "No, no," interrupted the other; "I loved her too well, to allow of any risk of augmenting her sufferings.—That dear sister, the only link to my fellow creatures!—But it pleased God to break that link also;—and, I have only now to pray, that I may attain unto her height of meek submission.—She first taught me to bend my naturally impatient mind, to the trial laid upon us; and, alas! (how grievous did I think it then!) the nature of our inherited malady cut us even off from each other; denying us the comfort of mutual society, and even deprived us of the consolation of seeing each other, when we drew nigh together, to worship our God.—We forbore to look on each other, least the sight of our bodily affliction, and its torments, should distract our prayers;—and, of such torments, only the leprous can form an idea.—Directly after our sad orisons, my sister used to retire either to her cell within the tower, or to a little arbour of nut-trees at the end of the garden.—Thus, we lived almost always apart; but, that she did live, and near me, was bliss to this sad, sad solitude of my heart!" "But why, enquired the young soldier," did you impose such hard restraint upon yourselves? surely, mutual kindly offices—" "I know what you would say," interrupted the leper, with a heavy sigh; "but it could not be.—When my sister came from a distance, from a home she had found with a distant relative, to share my dismal fate; for the disorder which had destroyed our parents, had seized upon herself; yet it had only affected her slightly; but when she saw my dreadful state for the first time, it gave her such a shock, that I resolved, from that moment, it should ne-

ver be repeated.—Besides, it was something to spare her possibly increased infection from my very breath! and, long, long, did I fortify myself against the pangs of this forced separation from her dear presence, by the hope that she might ultimately be cured.—But the hope was vain!” The leper uttered the last ejaculation, in hardly audible words.—The eyes of his brave young auditor could have overflowed; but he checked the impulse, by a stronger emotion, and exclaimed—“By heaven, I envy you such a retrospection of self-denial! and add to it, the conviction, that you send a fellow-creature back into the world, a better man than he came to you!” The leper did not speak, but he made a more expressive sign of his feelings; he crossed his bosom, and pointed to heaven.—Then, after a few moments longer inward communing with himself, he resumed.—“But, though thus separated, my sister and myself, at times, indulged ourselves in the comfort of mutual converse; and the intermediate shield for her was, then, yon hedge-row of sweet-briar bushes.” The officer, observing them, saw, from the height where he sat, that two narrow paths ran parallel on each side of the hedge; and there, walking singly, in one or the other, the suffering pair had been accustomed to talk together, without seeing each other, or even mingling, by a participated sigh, their tainted breath.—“There, at least,” continued the leper, “I was not alone!—My sister’s presence, even when I saw her not, was life to this death-like banishment;—I heard the sound of human steps, in my sad solitude;—and, when I came at day-break, to pray to my Redeemer, under these very trees, I could discern the door of the tower softly open; and hear the voice of one, who loved me, mixing with my own!—Of an evening, when I watered my garden, she was walking out, to look at the sun-set; and I would watch her shadow, passing, and re-passing, over my beds of flowers!—all through my little domain I was sure to find traces of her.—But now!—When do I see on my path, a gathered flower, or a broken spray, that she has let drop, or brushed away in passing?—I am alone! and the track which led to her thicket, is already hid under the grass!”—“But her spirit is in heaven?” resumed the compassionate soldier; “making you a path, to rejoin her there, when you, also, have laid down your suffering body.”—“That is my hope! that is my trust!” exclaimed the bereaved brother, with fervour; “How often has that dear sister helped me to

strengthen my faith in our Lord's promises;—that man's afflictions here are to perfect him for the world, that knows no pollution!—Sometimes, I would find in my room, consoling passages from Scripture, copied by her clear hand; sometimes she would repeat a similar psalm of David, as we walked, or sat, with the briary wall between us; and, often, read pages from the book of Job. Was it not an angel, speaking through her lips, to us both?—and we mingled sweet tears and prayers together.—But I lost her!—For a long while, I was in a stupor of grief; and, when I awoke from that!—kind stranger, you will cease to pity me, I fear, when I own to you, the darkness, the phrenzy of my despair!" "No, indeed," replied the soldier, "I protest, that I feel, my virtue or piety, call it what you may, would have failed under such trials."

"You may guess," resumed the leper, with tremor of voice, "that I mean, I was tempted to self-destruction.—Oh, my God, how inscrutable are thy ways! how strangely powerful, sometimes, are the feeblest incentives to evil!—Bereaved, agonized as I was, when my dear sister was taken from me—when I saw her buried from my very sight! still I could command my rebellious heart to bend perpetually before the throne of mercy; and whilst I prayed, I was submissive. But a circumstance occurred.—Ah, you happy, home-possessing men, know not what such circumstances are!—which, well nigh drove me mad.—And it was in the paroxysm of this madness, that I was on the point of destroying myself.—Four years before my sister's death, Providence sent us a solace, a creature to be mutually kind to, in the shape of a young terrier-dog; which had most likely been thrust out from its original home, on account of its want of beauty.—From the moment we opened our door to this little creature, its playfulness and fondness became our amusement and delight. My sister cherished it as though it had been a child.—And, after she was gone, I loved it doubly! for her dear sake.—In spite of its attachment to us, and my own care to keep it within our boundary, it sometimes strayed away; yet always quickly returned; so I ceased to have any apprehensions concerning it.—But my trust was mistaken!—Some new inhabitants of the city, near our forsaken quarter, took alarm on accidentally seeing the animal, and hearing whence it came; and, believing that the seeds of my malady might be conveyed amongst them, by these visitations, they brought

a formal complaint to the commandant of the district, and my dog was sentenced to be shot."

"But they did not kill him!" impetuously exclaimed the young officer.—"They did not know how I loved my dog!" replied the leper; "they could not know it.—Never shall I forget that day!—I saw a crowd of people, and soldiers hurrying over the ruined tract; I heard myself ordered to remain within the tower, on pain of death. And from the window of it, where I was, I saw them pursue my dog; seize him, pass a cord round his neck, and drag him away. I heard them, alternately calling out—"drown him!—stone him!"—some, more merciful, repeated the sentence, "shoot him!"—I beheld the poor animal turn his eyes round, in search of me.—At that sight, all thought of my own denunciation was contemned, and I was rushing down a long flight of stairs, to throw myself at once among the crowd, to his rescue;—when sounds from without loosened all my joints, and I sunk, powerless, upon the ground.—They were killing my faithful dog! I heard at once the whirl of the stones and the dismal yell of his last cry.—O, that cry! It was then that I forgot my God, and my own sinfulness.—I dared to question the justice of my woe-ful condition; and, seized with the sudden phrenzy of self-destruction, turned to rush up the stairs once more, with the purpose of throwing myself headlong from the tower, in sight of the merciless crowd below; but as I staggered past the half-open door of my sister's deserted chamber, which I had never entered since her corpse was carried out, I caught a glimpse of the chair in which she had died.—Some blessed impulse prompted me to hasten to it, as if I should have found herself there.—And, as I approached, I perceived her well-known book of devotion, lying on the little table before it, with her rosary and cross, half folded in a written paper—it was a short letter addressed to myself, and contained these memorable words.—

"I feel death stealing upon me!—dearest brother, I am about to quit you here, in the full confidence that we shall be reunited hereafter, for I die assured that you will hold fast by that faith which can alone bring such a mighty work to pass! that you will continue constant in prayer, patient of suffering, waiting for God's good time to release you from pain and mourning; and, ever remembering the words of him, who cried

out, even in his bitterest agonies—"Father! not my will, but thine, be done!"—In heaven, as in earth, my dearest brother, my supplications for your eternal salvation shall never cease!—Let this holy vow, be never absent from your thoughts.—So shall your sister be still present to you in spirit, when the grave has closed over her perishing body! Oh, my brother, join then your prayers with mine;—and our gracious Redeemer will do the rest!"

The leper's voice faltered, and sunk at the conclusion.—He was silent for many minutes. So was his companion, whose young and generous heart was sorely wrung by the stifled sobs of the poor mourner, he could not console; sounds, which his own sighs involuntarily echoed. The sufferer first spoke again. "You may conclude, that I obeyed that dear injunction. I fell upon my knees; and my guilty purpose was cast away. I felt at that moment the actual power and presence of that blessed Being, who had so often driven forth the evil spirit from tormented men; and, he has never withdrawn his comfort from me since. I am often sad, indeed, but never desperate. Human nature will prevail at times; but a better Power distils the hope, with healing on its wings, and all is peace again within me." He rose as he spoke, for the sun sunk behind the distant mountains; and the drum, for the recall of all the military to their quarters, sounded from the town. The officer, in obeying the movement, more than once drew his hand over his brimming eyes. "I thank you, for your Christian pity!" resumed the leper; "for it has drawn me into these recollections, which soothe and balsam my too often reopening wounds.—And you have added to my precious little hoard of grateful remembrances, this of your generous sympathy.—Go, where my prayers shall always follow you; in the field, or in the camp! to the blessed lot of your home, with your kindred, and friends!—And should vexations ever ruffle you, or calamities assail; think of the poor leper of Aösta, and memory of his condition may reconcile you to your own!"

While speaking, the solitary man had led the way towards the gate of his little domain.—The young soldier followed him in growing emotion.—When they reached the spot where he had entered, he stopped, and drawing a glove on his right hand,

held it out to the leper.—“ I do not fear to grasp yours!” said the youth; but he could not now restrain the tears from choaking the smiling voice, with which he would have more forcibly pleaded for that parting interchange of mutual confidence.—The leprous man recoiled a pace from him.—“ Heaven forbid!” cried he, “ that I should touch you!—But my heart feels the grasp of that brotherly hand.—It is enough! May the God of pity shower down his choicest gifts on you, in this world.—And, in the world to come, may we meet again! Farewell!”

Emotion, now, in its turn, suffocated the voice of the leper.—The young soldier gazed earnestly on his shrouded face and figure, while he passed from him slowly through the gate.—He then stopped, and re-echoed, even in a tone as if he were indeed separating from a brother, “ Farewell!—I shall think of you in the world! Do you pray for me in your solitude! If we both do our duty at our separate posts, we have a captain who will not forget us, and we shall meet again!—once more, farewell!” He retreated, as he spoke. “ Farewell!” repeated the leper; “ good angels! keep him unspotted from the world!”—The solitary man uttered this, with his eyes directed to heaven. He closed the door, and shot its bolts.—The young soldier lingered for a few seconds, looking back, after hearing the noise of the fastenings; then, heaving a troubled sigh, retread his musing way back to the town of Aösta.

J. P.

BENEVOLENCE.

AND from the pray'r of want, and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heav'n refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done:—
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear;
And friends and native land: nor these alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

ANSWER TO MRS. SAVEALL'S LETTER.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

MY attention has been particularly attracted by a letter in a former month's Museum, addressed to you, by a Mrs. Saveall. The subject of that letter cannot fail to interest those, who, like this lady and myself, have a family of daughters to educate and bring up. Since my own widowhood, it has been my anxious desire to fulfil the arduous duties of a mother; rendered, in my case, doubly difficult by the loss of that counsel, advice, and direction which an affectionate and judicious husband ever afforded when living. I do not presume to claim for myself a greater portion of discernment or prudence than others; and yet I am vain enough to offer to you and to your readers the result of much reflection, and anxious solicitude, on my part, aided by the prudent suggestions of a sensible and judicious friend, by whom I have been assisted in the home education of the female part of my own family. In order that I may not omit the notice of any part of Mrs. Saveall's letter, I will, without regard to strict order or classification of subjects, give my opinion on the several topics which it embraces in the order in which they occur. In doing this, I shall have occasion to notice another letter in your same number, in which the writer solicits your opinion of the Hamiltonian system of education.

On the merely personal and private part of Mrs. Saveall's letter, little must be said. The actions of the dead admitting of no recal, it would be unjust and ungenerous to make them the subject of unnecessary animadversion. A most indulgent husband, and a kind father, is not necessarily a prudent man; nor are the best always the wisest of men. His wisdom might have been great, as far as the amassing of money, or the making a good bargain is concerned—but I have lived long enough to know that cunning and wisdom are different things. How far Mr. Saveall manifested the possession of either good sense, or prudence, in his testamentary appointment, it would be invidious to say: I shall leave the decision on this point to the judgment of your readers: though, generally speaking, I should consider the nomination of one or more friends, as joint guardians with the mother, an act

of greater prudence, and one more calculated to lighten her cares as well as to benefit her children, than her own individual appointment to that important duty. I regret, indeed, that truth requires me to say that Mrs. Saveall has, herself, given but too much reason to infer that some little management and dexterity were used to carry into effect the evident wishes of her heart. Wills are not always the free, spontaneous results of an unbiassed mind.

Of second marriages, I am not necessarily called to speak—but I may observe that circumstances must be allowed their due weight in determining their propriety or impropriety.—Moral actions have one uniform standard, by which we measure their rectitude or obliquity. But many of the actions of man are not questions of moral obligation: a variety of prudential considerations enter into the determination of their fitness; and it appears to me censorious and uncharitable to pronounce an opinion, positively, on acts of which the propriety or impropriety can only be determined by the various and varying circumstances of each individual case.—Nor do I consider it more modest that ladies should take credit for conduct which has known no other standard or motive, than its being consentaneous to the whims and caprice of their own wayward minds.

I now, sir, dismiss all questions of a private and personal nature, and proceed, at once, to what I conceive the far more important one of those actions, and motives of action, in which mankind are universally interested. Of such topics Mrs. Saveall's letter contains many: and I cannot but conceive, that she merits the thanks of your readers for exciting a discussion in which I hope you will personally, as well as your correspondents generally, take a part.

To make children clever, would be a most important talent; and they who could overcome dulness or incapacity, and infuse talent and genius into stupidity, would confer a weighty obligation on society. It appears, however, to me, that Mrs. Saveall, like many other unreasonable parents, is totally mistaken as to the powers of education. We may cultivate, but we cannot create, genius. We may impart knowledge, but we cannot give the capacity to receive it.—Many laborious, honourable, and able preceptors are the objects of censure to unreasonable and partial parents, because, after all their labour, the children remain

uninformed, or merely superficial scholars. A preceptor's duty is to employ the means confided to his care, and the talents entrusted to his observation and management, to the best advantage. But the quantum of improvement must, in all cases, depend on the capacity of the student. How far all the arts and all the sciences are legitimate objects of scholastic teaching, I will not determine; but this I may say, that if we would have our children acquire useful and solid knowledge, we must not distract their attention, or occupy their time, by the study of useless and ostentatious learning. The sciences are not for youth; they require maturity of judgment and experience. A smattering of various kinds of knowledge, (and this is all which the capacities or the opportunities of youth can acquire,) may amuse and dazzle weak minds, but cannot fail to disgust those who have sense to discern the real ignorance of the mind, under the veil and semblance of acquired accomplishments. Woe to the unhappy preceptor, who has to meet, at Midsummer and Christmas, the unreasonable and absurd expectations of fond and foolish parents; who must answer, not only for the honest discharge of his own duties, but for the obtuseness and dulness of others—Let it be remembered that the minds of children, like their bodies, require, in infant years, plain, wholesome, substantial food. In embracing too wide a field for the exertion of the juvenile mind, whatever is gained in the extent is more than lost by its superficialness.

Whoever considers the impossibilities of imparting genius, talents, and capacity, to those who, by nature, have them not; and the equal impossibility of imparting knowledge and learning to persons devoid of them, must, I conceive, view the pretensions of those who, by various schemes, and delusive professions, claim the merit of "making scholars," of all and every kind of pupils, as an insult to common sense, and a proof of audacious temerity and ignorant quackery. This brings me to consider the enquiry of Junius. Of Perry, Hamilton, and other literary quacks, I know nothing personally, or individually. They may be good men, and even decent scholars themselves; but they are deluding and deluded men. I have read, very attentively, the article on the Hamiltonian system in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*; and I really conceive, the Rev. Sidney Smith could not have penned that review in "waking moments." If the acquisition of language depended solely on the memory,

and if the recollection of individual words in the columns of a spelling-book could be considered as the acquisition of a tongue, then some plea might be offered in vindication of such a system. But if words are to be used in reference to their etymologic signification,—if the arrangement and harmony of sentences, adherence to the rules of syntax, discrimination in the use of synonymes, and a knowledge of the principles of language generally, enter into the essence of learning a language; then it is evident that the new systems have egregiously mistaken the subject of which they treat. A living language may be mechanically acquired; but its genius, and its structure, can never be so understood by the learner as to give him an insight into its nature or excellences. How many can work sums in arithmetic or problems in Euclid, without any distinct perception of the principles and the theory of their respective sciences? How little do our mechanics and citizens know of the science of their respective arts? and how little does the joiner who mechanically describes a circle, or a triangle, know of the reasoning by which the truth and accuracy of his figure may be demonstrated and proved? Or, sir, to use a more familiar illustration, how little do our sons and daughters know of the theory of that delightful science, in whose daily practice so many hours are consumed? I do not doubt that the critical and accurate acquisition of languages may be very greatly facilitated by good elementary tuition, added to a judicious selection of elementary books. But after all, there is no royal road to learning. Nature is slow in all her operations of magnitude. The oak which is to outlive centuries, is slow of growth: whilst the plant, whose evanescent beauties only bloom and die, soon arrives at maturity.—Solid, useful, abiding learning, is the result of hard labour and steady application. The acquisition of languages is only a means, not an end. The mind, during the season of youth, is in a state of immaturity; requiring discipline and gradual strengthening. These it receives during the progress of education. Its powers and capacities are ductile and tender; habit and daily use give them vigour and strength. He who would deprive learning of its wholesome influence on the mind, would subvert the intentions of nature, and keep the faculties of man in perpetual infancy and weakness. On this ground, and for these reasons, I steadily object to the education of my children in any of the new-fangled modern systems. I

wish, however, distinctly to be understood as making an exception in favour of the Interrogative system. This, above every other, tries the accuracy and the extent of the student's knowledge, and calls forth into useful exercise his own energies and reasoning power. How far our grammar-schools and venerable seats of learning may require correction or modification, I am unqualified to say; but I should deeply regret if ever their reformation were entrusted to any of the modern advertising system teachers. Then, indeed, would their sun set in clouds and darkness, and their glory sink into forgetfulness and decay.

The punctual payment of the school-bills is, I am aware, the whole of what some parents understand by giving their children a good education.—If the grounds be extensive, the house spacious, the charge moderate, and the *tout en semble* of the establishment respectable and imposing in appearance,—this is all the good parents require—how far the preceptors are qualified by previous education themselves; what talents, integrity, zeal, and industry they embark in their undertaking, are considerations which rarely attract the attention of the public. Modest, unassuming, real merit, droops neglected, and sometimes despised; whilst the loud professions of ignorance or vain conceit claim and procure a ready attention, and a generous patronage. It is to be lamented, but can hardly be matter of surprise, that this should be the case, when we consider how utterly incapable are the generality of parents to appreciate merit, and to detect imposture and ignorance. The acquisition of wealth, rendered so easy by the late wars, has raised multitudes, born in obscurity, and nursed in ignorance, to a rank in society for which they are totally unfitted by their previous habits, and general associations. Aware of their own want of education, they determine to educate their children; and as they cannot exercise any discrimination or judgment in the choice of preceptors, he who promises most, talks loudest in praise of his own plans and system, and exhibits the most elegantly-furnished house, is sure to attract attention, and obtain patronage. A long ostentatious list of lectures on botany, chemistry, physiology, mechanics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, &c. &c. &c. is very imposing to an ignorant mind; but, however high-sounding, the man of sound judgment knows that these are worse than useless. A smattering of scientific knowledge, and shallow and incorrect information about a variety of subjects, are calculated only to excite vanity

and presumption; and to distract the mind, and divert its attention from the acquisition and pursuit of the more important branches of sound and useful knowledge.

As a mother, neither devoid of affection or feeling, I must yet enter my protest against the modern doctrine which would banish all punishment and correction from our schools. Mrs. Saveall is, no doubt, a kind parent, and she may be a wise woman: but we well know that they who spare the rod, too often, spoil the child. I am, certainly, no advocate for the flogging system of our public schools; but, on the other hand, I know too well the necessity of correction to restrain the wayward passions of youth, ever to require its total disuse in the education of my own sons. How far it is either possible, or desirable, to render learning an amusement, is, in my mind, very questionable. Are men to act simply in reference to their own pleasures, and forget that much is to be done, however contrary to the will, because it is a duty? the nature of moral obligation in influencing the conduct of children, ought never to be forgotten or lost sight of. Whilst I would divest learning, as far as possible, of whatever is obnoxious and disgusting to the youthful mind, I would yet require the performance of the stated task as the fulfilment of a duty, as well as the enjoyment of a pleasure. To reduce every duty or employment of life to a plaything, and to render self-gratification the main spring of action, is, in my view, destructive of every virtuous and generous principle, and to substitute in its place a base, ignoble, passion of selfishness.

Of Mrs. Saveall's anticipations as to the future destiny of her children, it would be unkind to rob her of the present comfort and satisfaction. The partiality of friends sometimes blinds the eyes, and perverts the judgment; whether it be so in Mrs. Saveall's case, or not, is a point which it would ill-become me to discuss. Those who have the appointment to high official situations, will doubtless exercise a vigilant care that parental partialities mislead not their judgment. It would be well if the appointment of governesses and tutors could be delegated to able hands. We should then find that the habits and feelings of our English gentry would revert back to that standard which prevailed anterior to the French Revolution. Whatever blessings peace may have conferred on the world, it has done infinite injury to the old English habits and opinions, which once prevailed among us. Intercourse with the Continent has corrupted

our morals, debased our feelings, and destroyed our national character. We are not the people we once were. The sterling value of our character has given way to the frippery, folly, and tinsel of foreign manners. Dandies and coxcombs are no longer among us the "*rara avis in terris*." I decidedly, therefore, object to committing into foreign hands the all-important duty of cultivating the minds, forming the manners, and inculcating the religious duties and moral obligations of our children. He who knows the Continent at all, must know how greatly libertine principles, and sceptical doctrines abound; how the sabbath is profaned, and its duties neglected; how lax is their system of morality; what frivolity, and vanity abound among them. And where religion is at all revered and regarded, what a degraded system of mummary, and folly, and nonsense, and superstition it is. Can we wonder at the exposures and degrading conduct of many of our nobles, when we consider in what principles, habits, and associations they are educated? Is it not a very bad compliment, and a very unjust censure on the character and the education of our British ladies, that we must confide to strangers and foreigners the most sacred duties and the most important trusts? Is the French accent of such immense importance, that we barter for it the principles and the happiness of our children? Are the *finesse* and *politesse* of foreign manners comparable with the integrity and the virtue which we sacrifice, in our neglect of English education? Can we, unthinkingly, risk the sure obliteration from the mind of all patriotic feelings, when we separate our youth from the land of their fathers and of their birth, and tear asunder the ties of early associations, by entrusting them to an alien for the possession of that, which, alone, renders life happy or honourable?

I would, sir, moreover ask, is this the time, when misfortune has thrown numbers of amiable, accomplished, virtuous women on the wide world, unportioned and even destitute, for us to neglect our own suffering fellow-countrywomen; and to leave them to the experience of want and poverty, whilst we import a race of frivolous, unthinking, volatile, and, too-generally, irreligious, foreign governesses, to live in luxury and comfort? is this fair, is it honourable, is it defensible on any one ground of reason, prudence, or feeling? England seems to feel shame at her nationality. Her governesses, valets, milliners, companions, and even *femmes de chambre*, must now be of foreign birth

and habits. There was a time when England would have been ashamed of those who were ashamed of her! but how are the mighty fallen, and how are our national feelings completely erased! I know nothing but her own accent, which a French woman can teach, which would not be infinitely better taught by our own countrywomen. What should generally constitute a good female education, may admit of but little question; yet there are some individual points upon which a diversity of opinion may be indulged. Of Italian there are but few works of standard merit. It is the language of effeminacy, luxury, and softness. The land of "cloudless skies," produces not vigour of mind or body. It generates taste, but it too often also destroys principle. Effeminacy of manners begets indolence, and corrupts the heart. Latin is the language of heroism; it glows with the love of freedom and of country. It strengthens the mind. The very genius of the language is friendly to mental vigour, and purity of taste; it repels indolence, and rouses the dormant faculties, and slumbering powers of the mind. Latin is valuable in itself, but it is infinitely more so as its acquisition disciplines the mind, and prepares it for other and greater efforts—I, therefore, have taken care that my daughters should acquire this tongue.

There are some parts of Mrs. Saveall's letter yet unnoticed; but I feel that I have already trespassed far more than is reasonable on your columns. I have confined myself to the statement of general principles; their application to Mrs. Saveall's, or any other individual case, must depend on the particular merits of that case, and to the discretion and judgment of individuals. If my sentiments should accord with your own, your insertion of this hasty communication, will oblige

Your obedient servant,

ANN PLAIN-SENSE.

WERE every man's internal care
With truth inscribed upon each brow,
How many would our pity share,
That raise so soon our envy now!

A CARRIAGE AND A MARRIAGE.

(Concluded from page 72.)

AT the time when Maria had become the mother of a fourth child, a change took place in her circumstances, which roused her mind from that languor into which she had sunk for five long years, and appeared even to affect her health.—This was the death of her uncle, and the severe illness of her husband, who seemed very likely to follow his old companion to the grave. He, however, struggled through the first attack, and was sentenced to await a more lingering destiny, at the Hot-wells, near Bristol; to which place Mrs. Seton accompanied him, as her daughter was not yet considered equal to so long a journey.

Mr. Seton, justly incensed with the father, had divided his large property in liberal portions to Maria's children, securing to her widowhood a handsome income, and rendering her excellent mother comfortable also. This will, she was well aware, would be offensive to her husband, and, therefore, add to his general restrictions and his frequent ill-humours, even whilst it encreased his income, and aggrandized his children;—it was, of course, natural, that his own removal and the increased fortune in her own hands, should become circumstances of an inspiring and awakening character. A kind of resurrection to a new life was before her, and she could not fail to feel that, at twenty-seven, it is possible to recover health, beauty, and vivacity; to step again into the world, like a star from beneath a cloud, with rays more brilliant from the darkness which had enshrined its lustre.

But this was a season of extreme solicitude; and, although the appearance of Maria, at this period, bespoke increasing health, and her renovated activity shewed a degree of energy resembling strength, her keenly-excited anxiety, combined with real regret for the memory of her uncle, preyed upon her constitution; and there never had been a period when the cares of her mother, as a skilful nurse, were so much required. The letters of her parent kept alive a kind of awful curiosity for some time, which, by degrees, changed to a sullen and discontented state;—they spoke of "the renovated health, the probable life of her husband," and, in Maria's real state of feeling, were so little consolatory, that, unable to talk on the subject, she generally placed them in the hands of her visitors.

"How wonderful!" "how happy!" was banded from tongue to tongue, and Maria tried to smile; nay, she even tried to persuade herself that she was content; and, somewhat awakened to religious recollection by the late death in her family, she sometimes formed her lips to say, "Thank God, the father of my children is restored."—But with all this her heart sunk, the faintly-quivering colour on her still beautiful cheek subsided, and her recovered appetite declined.

Those around her said, "it was well Mr. Howard was recovering, since it was plain that his lady had not sufficient strength to go down to him," and during the three months of his absence, her own health fluctuated more than it had ever done before; and when at length the invalid returned with that appearance generally designated "a new lease of life," his agitated wife fainted on the spot.

Whether Mr. Howard deemed this swoon a proof of affection, demanding gratitude, or that his obligations to the mother quickened the sense of duty to the daughter, we know not; but, it is certain, that, from this time, he paid Maria much more personal attention than he had ever done before, and became so careful of her, as never to suffer her absence for a single hour. The old women of the village remarked soon, "that madam had taken his honour's cough," and predicted, "that she would go off as he had expected to do;"—they remarked that she had become infected with his age, not less than his disease, for she shrunk in her gait, become narrow in her chest, querulous in her temper, feeble in her voice, and trembling in her hands. The mother saw this with anguish; but, confident that consumption had never been in her family, continued to hope that summer would prove restorative; she never failed to urge change of air, and every other means usually devised. One evening, as she was driving her out in a garden-chair towards the house of her late uncle, which was her favourite route, and which took them, for a short space, into the high road, they perceived an elegant barouch-and-four approaching them, followed by two out-riders in a livery, which immediately caught the attention of the invalid. "Mother! who can these people be? the livery is poor Bellair's:—with what pleasure have I seen it in days long past."

"It is his livery, my dear; and himself, wife, and child, are in the carriage;—but they will be past us in a moment: I will draw towards the wall."

The carriage soon passed in a vortex of dust, which prevented the inmates from seeing the lowly vehicle of the suffering Maria; but her eye, more quick, as more brilliant from the disease under which she laboured, had seen the more manly, but still handsome, form of her young heart's choice; and she even thought that she knew the lady by his side, for she exclaimed, "That must be Caroline Eyre!—yet Bellair could not marry her, she had scarcely any fortune."

"Bellair never sought for fortune in a wife; he married Caroline, because he knew her worth; but since then, she has, by chance, brought a pretty dower. They have been married three years, two of which they spent in retirement; but as his uncle (like yours,) is now dead, and has left all his property to a nephew of whom he was justly proud, they are so situated as to maintain the style you have witnessed."

Maria made no answer for a long time, but at length observed, that "Caroline had only fifteen hundred pounds."

"True, my love; but that little, at the time of their marriage, made up the remaining deficiency from Mr. Bellair's loss so nearly, that their retirement, for a time, was rather that of choice than necessity; so that if his uncle had not died, they would have been still extremely comfortable; indeed, what I should call rich, for Mrs. Eyre called them so.—Nothing can exceed the kindness of Bellair to that excellent woman."

The deep sigh of Maria warned Mrs. Seton against continuing a conversation evidently painful, and she endeavoured to start a new subject, but "the chord which had been touched, would not cease to vibrate," and question after question succeeded, until Mrs. Seton felt it her duty to say, "My dear, you had better not revert to the past; I have been always cautious in never mentioning any circumstance connected with it, and you must be aware that it is now better to forget it entirely."

"Forget it!—Do you think Bellair has forgotten me?—you have seen him: tell me the truth, dear mother."

"Bellair cannot (literally speaking,) forget you, Maria; nor will he ever cease to wish you well; but he is perfectly happy in his present choice, so happy indeed, that I am sure regret does not now affect him."

"Thank God!—that is a comfort, but I would he could for ever forget one so weak, so ungrateful, as I have been.—Fool,

fool, that I was, to barter between competence with him, and wealth with Howard;—but I have not had wealth, for it was denied me, to gratify even my most reasonable wishes;—do not check me, dear mother; I have never spoken plainly before, nor will I speak again on a subject so delicate and so hateful. I would that every young woman, whose heart hesitates between her love, and her ambition; who calls that prudence, which is in fact covetousness; and who, expecting idolatry, renounces rational affection, could hear me or could see me: ah! what a lesson would she behold in me!”

Maria wept in very agony as she concluded these words, and was carried from the carriage to her chamber in a state of the most alarming weakness. Mr. Howard hastened to her bedside, and sought to console her; but Mrs. Seton saw, with bitter sorrow, that, to her general indifference, there was now added a sensible disgust, which she strove in vain to conquer. Her perceptions of her duties appeared to be quickened by the awful situation in which she stood; but, unhappily, her remembrance of the past was also more vivid; and the picture of Caroline Eyre, as the beloved, indulged wife of the excellent Bellair, contrasted with her own state of torpid existence, or actual suffering, was continually before her. Often, when she had been shuddering from the touch of her husband, would she ejaculate, “I have deserved it all!” then, fearful that his ear, though deaf, had caught the sound of her murmur, she would compel herself to return his caresses; and to her mother she lamented, with every expression of penitence, those wandering thoughts which had led her to anticipate her expected widowhood with pleasure. In her children, she still took no pleasure; but she frequently exhausted herself to fainting, in laying down rules for their future improvement; and it was evident that she felt the responsibility, though she enjoyed not the happiness, of a mother.

Maria never left her chamber more, though she continued to linger several months, during which time her husband again sunk into that state of ill health from which he had been partially relieved, a circumstance of apparent use to her, because she ceased to be tried by his presence. Mrs. Seton did her best for both; but it was her painful task to receive the last breath of her once lovely daughter, some weeks before her husband breathed his last, and left his orphans to her maternal care.

On investigating Mr. Howard's affairs, it was found that his own original property had been wholly expended since his marriage upon his favourite pursuit, it being deeply injured at the time that event took place; so that, in fact, Maria had maintained him and his children, who were now provided for through her means. It was also seen how very bounded had been her own personal sources of expense, and how much she had laboured to preserve appearances, because she did not wish to expose to the world the extent of that sacrifice she made, or occasion reflections on her hard-heartedness in the first place, and avarice in the second; and many a sorrowful tear bedewed the cheek of the bereaved mother, when she retraced those details which were connected with her daughter's "carriage and marriage."

"This is a tale, alas! too true."

B.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD,

WHOSE MOTHER DIED IN GIVING IT BIRTH.

SOFTLY slumber, reckless boy,
Steep in vision'd bliss thy sense;
Thine are smiling dreams of joy,
Thine's the sleep of Innocence.

Sleep, sweet babe, 'tis now the time,—
Growing youth has growing care;
Trouble comes with manhood's prime,
Crime perchance, and wild despair.

Thine, if heav'n protect thee not,
Are friendless want and misery;
Sad prognostic of thy lot,
Thy first faint gasp, an Orphan's cry.

Couldst thou, sleeping sounder still,
Cease to draw that gentle breath;
Snatch'd from every threatening ill,
What happiness to thee were Death!

SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 93.)

FROM churches we make a natural transition to convents, of which there are, at present, one-and-thirty in Paris. Monastic vows were abolished at the Revolution, but permission was afterwards given to make vows for a certain number of years; and thus, during the time of Buonaparte, several female communities were established. These convents had no assistance from government; but, since the Restoration, the sisters of Charity, and two or three other orders, receive some aid from it, though not to a large amount. These institutions have three objects, which every really liberal mind will admit to be praiseworthy; the cure of the sick, and the gratuitous instruction of youth, and the giving an asylum to repentant vice, or destitute innocence.

So much has been said against convents, so industriously have the lives of their inmates been represented as one long dream of indolence and superstition, unvaried with any useful or rational pursuit, that some, even among my fair and enlightened readers, may be surprised to hear that the principal part of these women's time is not spent in prayer; but in the actual duties of humanity. I have spoken, elsewhere, of the occupations of the sisters of Charity. All the others, without exception, afford gratuitous instruction to female children, and many keep boarding-schools. The Dames du Refuge devote their time and means to the extrication from vice of such unfortunates as desire to return to the paths of virtue; they have established, both in Paris and the provinces, different houses for the reception of those penitents. These asylums are open also to females whose poverty places their virtue in danger.

The exterior of these buildings possesses nothing, in any respect, remarkable; and of the interior I cannot speak, because as a man it was not possible for me to get admission beyond the parlour. Being curious to see whether a veil had really such a magical effect as we generally ascribe to it of heighten-

ing female loveliness, I once prevailed upon a fair English friend of mine to take me with her when she went to pay a visit to one of the *dames Anglaises*, with whose family I was well acquainted, though personally unknown to herself. I found the fair nun, for fair she still is, though approaching her fortieth year, very intelligent and amiable. She received me with the most graceful courtesy, and listened, with evident interest and pleasure, to the account I gave her of her old friends; I was pleased, nay delighted, with every thing about her, except her dress, and that, let romance-writers say what they will of it, is a frightful disguise. Talk of a woman looking pretty in it, why it would disfigure Hebe herself; and I should be out of all patience with its frightful unbecomingness, were it not for the consideration that it answers most admirably the purpose of keeping the nuns out of all temptation to break their vows, for truly the woman must be little short of an actual Venus, who can look lovely in such an odious disguise.

The convent of the *Dames Anglaises*, is the only English one in Paris, all the members being, by birth, of the united kingdom.

My countrymen complain in general of being very heavily taxed while in Paris by the impositions practised upon them; in justice to the French, I must say, that I did not find this the case. Whether the censure is in itself unjust, or whether I had the good luck to fall into very honest hands, I cannot say; but certain it is, that I had no cause to complain of any tax, but one, and that they levied most unmercifully. I mean the tribute of praise, which they exacted upon all occasions with the most unsparing severity. Nothing that is French is in the opinion of a Frenchman too insignificant to be admired; and as they drag you about from object to object, you are absolutely stunned with their perpetual exclamations of superb! magnifique! which they use with so little discretion, that I more than once heard a man talk of superb pigsties, and magnificent dog collars; and I was so heartily disgusted with these superlatives, that I could scarcely bear to hear them applied even to the objects to which they are really most appropriate. One of these is the triumphal column in the place Vendome; it was erected in honour of the French army in 1810, and is an imitation of that of Trajan, at Rome. It rises about 135 feet, and the diameter of the shaft is 12 feet. The pedestal

and shaft are built of stone, and covered with bas-reliefs in bronze composed of the 1200 pieces of cannon taken from the Austrian and Russian armies. The bas-reliefs of the pediment, like those of the column of Trajan, are trophies and arms of all descriptions; at each angle is placed an eagle finished in a most masterly style, supporting a wreath of laurel. A succession of bas-reliefs commence at the bottom of the pillar, which retrace in chronological order all the victories it was designed to commemorate; they rise in a spiral direction, and are about three feet in height; they are divided by a cordon rising in the same direction, which bears inscriptions of the different actions that they record. These plates, executed by the best French sculptors, are in the first style of the art. A gallery goes round the pillar near its summit, which affords a charming view of Paris. You ascend by a winding staircase in the interior, and you must have a stronger head than mine, good reader, if you reach the top without being giddy. The white flag now waves over the summit of this stately monument; the colossal statue of Buonaparte, which formerly crowned it, having been taken down at the Restoration. The bronze is badly made, and of a dull colour; which, when viewed very near, injures the effect of the column; but the exquisite workmanship of the plates redeem, in a great degree, this defect; its appearance, is, however, most striking at a distance.

This column is a touchstone, if there are no other, of the military disposition of the people; pass by it when you will, you are sure to find groupes, more or less numerous, examining the pillar, reading the inscriptions upon it in tones of exultation, and conversing upon the various battles they record, with as much military exultation as if they had been personally engaged in them.

In speaking of public monuments, the triumphal arch called *Porte St. Denis*, ought not to be forgotten: it was erected at the expense of the city of Paris, to perpetuate the victories of Louis XIV; and it is through it that the Kings of France always make their public entry into the city. It rises at the extremity of the *rue St. Denis*, upon the spot that divides the city from the *Faubourg*, upon a basis of 72 feet, and is 73 feet six inches high; it is composed of three porticoes, the central one much higher than the others; each side of it is decorated with pyramids loaded with trophies of arms, in bas reliefs. The

side looking towards Paris, is decorated with allegorical figures of Holland and the Rhine, at the bottom of the pyramid, and a representation of the crossing of the Rhine is placed in the frieze. On the suburb side, the pyramids rest upon *lions couchant*. The bas reliefs of the arch represent Louis the XIV. crossing the Rhine on horseback, and the taking of Maestricht. Two figures of Fame occupy the spandrils of the arch.

The Porte St. Martin, also erected by the city of Paris, to their idol Louis XIV. is placed on the Boulevard, between the rue and the suburb St. Martin; it is not so magnificent as the Porte St. Denis, but is fully equal to it in elegance of proportion and exquisite purity of style. It represents on one side, the capture of Begançon, and the Triple Alliance; and, on the other, the taking of Limbourg and the defeat of the Germans.

France would do well in many things to copy England; and, on the other hand, it cannot be denied, that England might, in some things, be benefited by the example of France; this is particularly the case with regard to the wise precaution adopted within the last forty years in Paris; of banishing all cemeteries from within its walls. This step had its origin in the necessity of closing the cemetery of the Innocents, which was done by order of the government, in 1786; this measure had been long in contemplation, as the church-yard was in a state which rendered the air extremely insalubrious, but it was delayed till a proper receptacle could be found for the remains that were to be disinterred. This was discovered in the quarries which were worked under the southern side of Paris; a part of them were purchased by government for this purpose, as well as an adjoining field, which served as a receptacle for the crosses, tombstones, and monuments that were not reclaimed by the families of those whose remains were consigned to the catacombs. A great number was placed in it, and several leaden coffins which had been disinterred, were also buried there; but that revolutionary spirit, to which nothing was sacred, violated this, in common with the other sanctuaries of the dead. The field was sold as national property, the leaden coffins were melted, and the monuments destroyed. A *guinguette*, that is, a house of entertainment for the lower orders, was opened upon it directly, but was closed in a short time, only to be re-opened as a ball-room.

Previous to the commencement of these enormities, two other cemeteries had been suppressed by the order of government, and

the bones which they contained were removed to the catacombs; it became also the common receptacle for the bodies of those unfortunates who perished by the hands of revolutionary fury. In the year 1810, Buonaparte directed his attention to the catacombs; and, under his orders, the bones were piled up in a regular manner, and the whole interior of the gloomy receptacle assumed the form which it wears at present.—

It has two entrances, one for visitors, the other for the persons employed in it. The visitor, accompanied by a guide, and carrying a taper, goes down ninety steps, and after several windings, and traversing a long gallery, he arrives at the vestibule of the catacombs; it is of an octagonal form; a Tuscan pillar, and a stone bench are placed at each side of the door, and over it the following inscription in Latin:—

“ They who repose here hope for a happy immortality.”

From the vestibule you enter the gallery, which is lined with bones from the ceiling to the floor; the leg, thigh, and arm bones, are placed in front, and piled regularly together; they are interspersed with three rows of skulls, and the small bones ranged behind. This gallery leads to several other rooms also lined with bones, arranged in a variety of forms, and ornamented, if we may use that phrase, in the style of a chapel, with vases and altars formed of bones. One of these chapels contains the remains of the greatest part of those unfortunates, who perished in the first excesses of the Revolution; and in another are those of the victims who were butchered on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792.

The remembrances connected with the catacombs are all of a gloomy, and several of a horrible nature; whether it was those remembrances that weighed upon my mind, or whether the air of the charnel-house affected me, I know not; but certain it is, that I shall never be tempted to pay a second visit to those abodes of death. I could not look upon those heaps of mouldering bones without a feeling of horror and disgust, very different to what mortality when presented to us under its ordinary form inspires. We can linger with mournful yet not unpleasant sensations over the stately monument, or the humble grave; we can commune in spirit with the being whose remains are decently shrouded beneath it; but when those remains are obtruded on our view in a form so disgustingly repulsive, we shrink from them with instinctive antipathy.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTERS ON VISITING.

No. I.

THAT no individual possessing house and home, and mixing at all in society, can move through this gadding world without being constrained to give occasional entertainments to his friends and acquaintance, is one of those incontrovertible facts which few persons will be hardy enough to dispute.

A custom so universal, which involves so much of the happiness of human life, which calls forth such an infinite variety of talent, and is attended with so many fearful responsibilities, and which is the whole and sole business of many grave personages, the pleasure of others, and the worry of a third class, must inevitably afford an inexhaustible fund of amusement to those who look on, watching the pains and the joys, the successes and the failures of the various heads of houses, who, from choice or necessity, are employed in receiving company. To some few, the task is easy; a well-filled purse, clever servants, and pleasing manners, subdue every difficulty; the viands are well selected, well dressed, and well served, and the conversational powers of the guests drawn forth and displayed to the best advantage; but these gratifying and necessary requisites are comparatively rare; like true love, the course of seeing company seldom does run smooth; some culinary misfortune or awkward blunder, some unlooked-for disappointment of a favourite guest, or some disagreeable intrusion, is for ever occurring to darken the brows of the hosts, and to mar the gaiety of the visitors.

People who are in the habit of giving constant entertainments, are but little disconcerted at the occasional annoyances which fall so heavily upon those who only send out invitations once a year; they open their doors to their five hundred friends, depend upon some old and approved methods of amusing them, either cards, dancing, or music; and are troubled with a very small portion of anxiety about the result. Others are accustomed to give dinner parties, to have a certain number of people at their table, and a certain number of dishes on it; servants who move like clock-work, and every appointment belonging to the establishment of the most unexceptionable description. To these, the comfortable conviction that all the arrangements are as they should be, is suf-

ficient to produce an internal satisfaction of a very enviable nature. They contrive to have their own set, who will remain after the luxurious repast has ended, for the evening rubber, or a little maudlin conversation; and, though they think it rather odd that all the chance guests should retreat the moment that decency can sanction the exit, are not much disturbed by the evasion of those strange beings who do not appear to know how to enjoy the luxurious ease of their sophas and chairs, and the set speeches so admirably adapted for the occasion. Nothing, however, can exceed the horror of these well-bred and well-conducting persons, when they encounter any thing like disorder, mismanagement, or confusion; they are annoyed beyond measure—cannot imagine how such an accident could possibly happen, and talk over the enormity of a covered pie, and the atrocity of a broken turbot, for years afterwards. These gentry estimate all their acquaintance by the style of their dinners: admire Mrs. A. because you never see so obsolete a thing as blanc-mange at her table, except as an accompaniment to striped jelly; and have very little opinion of Mrs. B——'s intellects, on account of her absurd bias in favour of mock-turtle. They think Mr. —, who has the best hermitage in London, a very superior man to Mr. *, who contents himself with champagne; but who has decidedly the advantage of Mr. . . ., as a member of society, since *he* never soars beyond claret. They know exactly how every dish was placed at every table, and of what it was composed; are critical upon the merits of sauces: their conversation is upon cooks and cookery, steam-kitchens, and hot hearths; and they occasionally shew some learning upon the subject of wine, and are oracular upon the advantage of short whist over long. Sometimes they tell droll stories, invariably about dinners; how some unadvised person was induced to give away a haunch of rein-deer venison, because the foolish cook, (a woman,) was frightened at its negro hue; and how this ignorance on the part of master and maid, afforded the company, who luxuriated on the unwonted luxury, a vast number of capital jokes at their expence;—or how a friend, as absent as Sir Isaac Newton, asked a whole party of people to dine at his country-house, some ten miles from London, where his wife and family were fixed for the summer; and, forgetting the circumstance, invited another set for the same day to a din-

ner at his town residence in Montague-square; which also escaping his memory, and meeting with an old acquaintance at the very time in which he was engaged to entertain two separate parties, at two different places, readily agreed to take a chop at a tavern with his friend; and left his hapless wife, whose consternation may be imagined, to receive a dozen persons with appetites improved by a ten-mile drive, without the slightest preparation or notice whatsoever; while the still more unfortunate visitors who made their appearance in Montague-square, found no one at home but the house-maid upon board-wages. Contrasted to these finical observers of formal etiquette, are the hospitable, but reckless, people, who content themselves with providing an abundant dinner, and are never at the trouble of attending to the detail; who fancy that every thing goes off well if the guests do not make wry faces, and perpetrate joints, and call their wines by wrong names; deluding the company by vain expectations of Johannisberg, which turns out to be Moselle. Then there are others, all trouble, dismay, and anxiety, who have borrowed and hired the appointments of the table, and the footmen who attend; attempted dishes unheard of by the inexperienced cook, who chokes you by her first essay upon some French ragout, and have got in their wine for the day from a neighbouring hotel, infamous for its vamped-up imitation of foreign commodities. Signs and signals pass between the master and the mistress, and looks of horror are exchanged as the ill-trussed turkey-poult comes in rampant, kicking off the cover with its upreared legs, and the pyramid of pastry falls in a heap of shapeless ruins on the dish. The lady vainly strives to ward off some second monstrosity following too quickly on the steps of the first; and the gentleman tries with as little success to discipline the confused servants, who fly about, helter-skelter, in all directions; every broken plate and cracked glass lengthens the countenances of the host and hostess; the expence and the discomfiture to which their party has subjected them, rise, like the demons in Faustus, to disturb the hilarity of the scene, and conversation; or, rather, the talk is confined to lame apologies on the one hand, and insincere protestations on the other; while the good-natured portion of the company endeavour to look pleased, the true friends participate in the uneasiness of the entertainers, and the

less amiable are at no pains to conceal their sneers. What a host of miseries have been crowded into one day's endurance, and suffered by the too-ambitious persons who have striven, with slender means, to entertain wealthy or fastidious guests! How cruelly has the brain been racked for ingenious contrivances to remedy, or to hide, some glaring defect! What an interminable list of wants has been presented to the bewildered mind, perplexed in the extreme in its choice of relinquishments! What a mustering of moveables, and furbishing of neglected utensils. If all the obstacles to elegance have been mastered, the effort may be worth the labour; and where a whole family cheerfully co-operate in the furtherance of one grand object, there may be pleasure, even when minds and heads are incessantly employed in superintending the preparations for some unusual gala.

To partake of all the preliminary bustle of a party on an extensive scale, to be given by the friend with whom one happens to be staying, is exceedingly amusing, provided the affair be carried on with spirit and good-humour, and the gentleman of the house can be *persuaded* or *dragooned* into any thing like a quiet submission to the imperative necessity of turning every thing topsy-turvy. Some few of the husbands and papas will enter heartily into the business; assist in the disposal of heavy pieces of furniture, and do duty as carpenters, and hangers of lamps, and hangers of curtains, without committing any very extraordinary devastation from their ignorance of the scientific part of their new calling. Such trifles as the destruction of a whole orchestra, constructed without sufficient attention to architectural principles,—of the side-board and sundry other miscellaneous articles of household goods; or the utter demolition of a cornice, flying down with its wing-like drapery, and bringing clouds of dust and showers of plaister in its descent, being merely food for mirth, and infinitely preferable even to the passive quiescence of some of the unfortunate gentlemen put to the rout by the invasion of their *sanctum sanctorum*. The master of the house, on the morning of a ball or concert, must perforce be disturbed in his most distant retreat; and happy it is for the females of his family, if he can bear the interruption of his ordinary occupations with decent fortitude. If he be resigned to his fate, he roams from room to room with a melancholy coun-

tenance, striving to take an interest in what is going on; but inwardly convinced of the folly and uselessness of all the proceedings; and, fatigued with his wanderings, endeavours to establish himself in some snug and remote corner; but in vain:—he is greeted with outcries on every side—"Oh, papa! you must not sit there, we must take every chair out of the room for the carpet to come up."—"My dear! pray move, the maid is just coming with her dusting-brush, and there you recline at your ease as if there was nothing to be done."—"Oh, bless my soul! how can you be so thoughtless as to dream of setting down in that old black coat upon the new sofa."—"Take care of the paper,—we have killed ourselves with cleaning; men's heads always mark the walls, and nothing looks so frightful."

Difficulties increase ten-thousand-fold when a reluctant consent to some expensive entertainment has been extorted from the master of the mansion, and his fretful ill-humour is to be soothed. A diversity of schemes are planned to get him out of the way, but they all fail: if a friend should call upon him, apparently by accident, to ask him to walk or ride, he fancies symptoms of coming gout, or sees rain in the sky; he chooses to dine at home, in order that he may rail at the cold, ill-appointed scrap dinner; and though the privacy of his study is most religiously respected, he is always in the centre of the confusion, lest he might miss an opportunity to worry and grumble; to lament that he was ever induced to sanction such an egregious piece of Tom-foolery; to rejoice over every misfortune, and to ridicule the best concerted plans. His chief amusement consists in prognosticating all sorts of disasters; he raves at the extravagance and bad taste of his wife and daughters, quotes people as models for imitation whom he knows are their aversion, and whom he secretly despises; complains that his green-house has been robbed and his garden stripped for a few hours of idle shew; and makes himself certain that the plate will be carried off by the people who are allowed free egress and regress on any kind of pretence. A worthy of this description, after trying the patience of those about him for the space of eight hours, when all things were set in order, the ladies' toilettes completed, and some of the company actually arrived, rushed past the servants on the stairs to be the first to communicate an alarming piece of intelligence, which might

have been spared; and, addressing his wife, triumphantly exclaimed, "Now I hope you are satisfied—your house is on fire." One of the candles had caught some artificial flowers; but the flames had been speedily extinguished, without any other damage than the loss of a few paper roses.

When the toils of the day are over, the troubles of the evening commence. When the right people have promised to come, and the wrong ones have been cleverly left out, some untoward event frequently occurs to cross the promised pleasure; unexpected excuses pour in at the very moment of anticipated success. Whole troops of dowdy girls arrive without their handsome brothers; people have been so inconsiderate as to die, and others have broken limbs, as if for the very purpose of spoiling the party. The old maiden aunt, who was asked merely on account of her nephew, the hussar, stalks in solus, and, with an inhuman smile, tells every body that she could not persuade the captain to leave his cigar, or that he had dislocated his wrist in teaching the stout heiress how to waltz. There is a dearth of pretty girls; and the lady, generally the most resplendent in her attire, has a cold, and sits wrapped in a cloak the whole evening. Men are scarce, and the best beaux choose to play at cards; or, probably from the fear of having too few, too many have been invited; they penetrate the design, and, resolving to defeat it, huddle together in black clusters, refusing to dance, and take their revenge on the champagne.

If the entertainment be music, the best performer is sure to be hoarse; and the Signora, who is so wonderful on the guitar, has cut her finger, and cannot sing to any accompaniment except her own; the second rates have quarrelled, and put each other out, and the piano-forte is engrossed by a lady with a peacock voice, who screams out bravura after bravura, without exhaustion or remorse. To complete the miseries of the night, some dull youth volunteers a comic song, scarcely to be endured when executed by Matthews, and intolerable from any body else; and the company begin to whisper that a discharged clown from one of the minor theatres has been hired to entertain them.

E. R.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES. Selected and arranged by the Rev. A. Dyce, A.B. London, 1827.

Devoted, as we are, to whatever tends to exalt and adorn the Female character, we hail the appearance of the present volume with sincere pleasure, as being a well-merited homage and trophy to female genius, as well as a judicious specimen of the poetical talents of British ladies. Above seventy years ago, two small volumes, entitled "*Poems by English Ladies*," were published; and, since their appearance, we know not that any collection or selection of poems, the exclusive productions of a female pen, have ever been given to the world. Mr. Dyce, therefore, is entitled to the public gratitude, for having supplied what every enlightened mind must acknowledge to have long been a desideratum in English literature. This volume bears testimony to the diligence and taste of the editor, not less than to the taste and genius of the respective writers. Independent of its immediate object, the collection, into one volume, of the chief graces of female poetic composition, it seems to mark the gradual progress of female talent and education to their present improved and highly-cultivated state, as developed in the poems before us.

The selection commences with Juliana Berners, who lived about the year 1400, and contains extracts from the poems of the principal female writers, arranged in chronological order, down to the present day. Nor is the selection other than highly honourable to the taste, genius, judgment, and feeling of the females of the present day;—they not only do not suffer by association with the best writers who have preceded them; but, on the contrary, derive increased brilliancy and honour by the comparison.

We earnestly recommend this volume to the notice of our readers, as well calculated both to delight and to instruct.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD BACHELOR. London. Colburn. 1827.

When we contemplate the number of amiable and accomplished ladies, on whom an ill-natured world, scornfully, despitefully, and maliciously, affixes the odious epithet of "*Old Maids*," our anger kindles, and our indignation glows—not, courteous reader, that we deem an old maid an unlovely character; on the contrary, we have sometimes thought that it reflects the highest credit on their good sense and prudence, that they have successfully resisted the importunities and offers of pert, brainless youth, and have preferred a life of single blessedness to the strife, heart-rendings, and self-upbraidings which are, too often, to be found in the dwellings of many a widowed wife; as, to avoid the sneer of the world, many an unthinking woman has sacrificed, for the name of wife, home, friends, and

happiness. But we do feel indignant that the lords of the creation, with whom rests the fault, and really the disgrace, if disgrace there be, in the existence of an old maid, should forget that an old bachelor is a truly horrible and disgraceful character.—He is such by choice,—he might have been, if he would, the happy husband, and the fond father:—but he has chosen to live isolated, friendless, cheerless. On him be the disgrace and shame. Women are, by the customs of society, to be wooed, and sought, and courted. Delicacy and decorum forbid the discovery, much more the declaration, on their part, of the felings of the female sex. Reserve is the virtue of woman. It is man's duty to pay homage to virtue, to good sense, and good temper; to offer them their reward, and to invite them into a larger sphere of operation and influence.

We know, in our own circle, many unmarried persons of either sex. The ladies are, generally, affable, kind, gentle, and sociable; and the old bachelors, as generally, morose, reserved, eccentric, nervous, sensitive, censorious, strange, unhappy beings; without friends, solitary, peevish. Whim, vanity, discontent, are their motives of conduct.

"I have been," says our confessorist, "an anarchist, a misanthrope, and a sceptic, over and over again, when the fit has seized me. I have found gratification in railing at things as they are; at Providence, and at man; at politics, morals, and religion. I have found gratification in indulging in these fits of wrath, perverseness, and contradiction, when nothing else possessed any charm for me. This picture of myself is not an amiable one; and is assuredly as little enviable." Such is the Old Bachelor, as delineated by his own hand. We must now, to close our notice of a very interesting volume, offer to the notice of our readers, an extract from its concluding pages. "The moral to be deduced from this exposure of myself, is obvious: it is an admonition to all men to be any-thing, rather than that which I am; to suffer their crosses and cares to drive them to any extremity, rather than that of celibacy. If they have experienced distress in life, let them seek a balm in matrimonial alliance of judgement, if not of love; it is the only condition in which they may hope for any true respectability or repose. Again, let them not be too long in fixing their minds on marriage, or they have my example for never being likely to accomplish their object at all. If they marry, and yet should meet with causes of dissatisfaction, (for in what state will they not?) at any rate, their anxieties will be exercised on more worthy subjects than mine are. They will not be rendered frantic because a boot fits rather too tightly, or a dinner is not exactly so well dressed as it might be; their minds will not be in that ignoble condition which frets itself about the meanest and most insignificant subjects. If they are men of nervous and irritable dispositions, they will exercise them in a different way,—less offensive and less wicked than my own. The slightest inconvenience of noise, or discomfort of any sort, sets me whining, grumbling, and railing,

kicking my legs out, and twitching my elbows in all the indulgence of angry nervousness, as if I were under the operation of galvanism.

"I have no satisfactory reflection which the married man has, that I have promoted the great ordinance of Providence, that the generations of the world shall continue till he sweeps them away. I can claim no share in that blessing which is signally extended to the married state. I am shut out from that happiness which a father must feel in the well-being of his sons,—I cannot claim the affections and succours of my children, to comfort and cherish my declining years,—to close my eyes on the pillow of death. The evils I endure, are a vast counterbalance to those which a parent must feel, even in the disappointment of his hopes, with respect to his children's success: I speak of such hopes as are sanguine. Parents are often inclined to hope too much of their children, from a partiality which causes them to appreciate their talents and merits too highly. I may, indeed, consider myself in a better condition than those whose children have turned out ill; but this will rarely, it will never be the case, where the education of the children has been salutary, judicious, and properly attended to; the children's natural propensities carefully watched; such as are vicious repressed; such as are weak, strengthened; such as are good, promoted. If a father neglects his duty, it is no proof of his goodness, either of head or heart; and consequently, if his children, through his mismanagement, turn out badly, he will not be the sort of person who is likely to be much affected with their disgrace. Pride, too, must mingle in my reflections; those who have rank, those who have affluence, must be denied, by celibacy, the boast of bequeathing it to their offspring.

The best admonition, after all, of the unhappiness of my condition, its unworthiness, and degradation, is, that I, who may be allowed to know best what it is, execrate it.

TALES OF A VOYAGER TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN. In 3 vols.

London. Colburn. 1827.

In these volumes, our fresh-water seaman gives us an account of his voyages in quest of health.—He takes his passage, or rather, takes up his quarters, in a vessel bound to Greenland, for the purpose of trying how far change of scene and climate was calculated to produce a favourable change of health. He is lucky enough to have as a companion, an old acquaintance, in the person of the surgeon; and it appears that much of the dulness and tedium of sea life are avoided by the interchange of thought, and the unrestrained communications, of the two friends. The principal part of these volumes relate the various adventures of the two friends, both on land and sea; and we can assure our readers, that they are well calculated to amuse, and we may add, instruct.

Several independent and interesting narratives of "other times and per-

sons," are introduced, which add, considerably, to the interest of the work, and afford a variety and change in the story. From these we are tempted to make an extract, which, however, we must defer till our next number; in the mean time, we cannot do less than acknowledge the pleasure we have individually derived from the perusal of the *Voyager's Tales*.

ALMA AND BRIONE, a Poem. London. Longman and Co. 1827.

This volume is devoted to the description of that ideal land, "where nothing arrests the eye by its grandeur, or astonishes by its magnificence, but whose soft and distant landscapes, and fleeting sunny air, if they require no powerful touch, and no commanding grasp, yet claim the gentlest pencil and the most delicate hand." Of this land, repose and contemplation are the essence; for it delights not in action, but in thought. Such are the author's sentiments, but we cannot equally approve of the manner in which he embodies them in verse. The language, however, is chaste; and, if there be no indications of great talent, or poetic genius, there is yet nothing to offend either good taste or good sense.

DAME REBECCA BERRY; or Court Scenes in the reign of Charles II. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827.

These volumes are intended, by means of fiction, to illustrate the manners and history of the court and reign of our second Charles.—Whoever recollects the character of that court, will remember that it was distinguished by pleasure, gallantry, and wit. Had the king not been a monarch, he would have been deservedly regarded as a hearty companion, and a pleasant associate,—but the virtues of royalty are of a different, and of a higher kind.—Neither our limits, nor the nature of these volumes, however, will allow of our entering on this subject, nor of our sketching the outline of the present story; but we may, generally, observe, that its delineations of character are just, and in strict accordance with the era they depict.

We know not how better to convey an idea of their general merit, than by an extract from the second volume, (page 232, 3, &c.) Lord Rochester being in disgrace, seeks to entrap the king into a reconciliation.—In the disguise of a mountebank, he gains admittance to a feast given to the king and the court, by the Duke of Buckingham; and, at the king's command, sings a song, entitled, "To Althea, from prison."

"Our favourite song, by the law Harry!" cried the king; "and for that same, thy boon shall be granted; even were it to the amount of a pension that should frighten thy father-in-law into an ague, brother, (turning to the Duke of York), or to the pardoning of the greatest rascal in our dominions, to the outraging of christian charity in all our bishops."

"Now then," said Lord Rochester, resuming his own voice, and throwing off his masquerade, to the astonishment of all present, and more especially

to that of the king, "now that I have your majesty's most gracious promise of pardon, I need no longer this disguise; for the most loyal shape in which I could have the happiness to appear before you, sire, is that of my own proper person." "My Lord Rochester," said the king haughtily, "you are not, we perceive, yet cured of carrying your jests too far. We hold ourselves bound to the fulfilment of no promise extorted from us under false pretences; and therefore we acknowledged none to you." "Were your majesty's memory," replied the earl, still kneeling, and looking up at the king with an expression comically awful, "were your majesty's memory as good as your mercy is great, you would acknowledge yourself bound, sire, even by the most unequivocal promise, to pardon me."

"Prove it," said the king, "and, worthless as you may be, you shall not have it to say that Charles Stewart broke his word."

"I would appeal to this fair company," said Lord Rochester, with a look meant to be that of triumphant virtue, "if your majesty did not, but five minutes since, in the abundance of your goodness, aver, when yonder knave had finished that brave old cavalier song of Colonel Love-lace's, (God rest his loyal soul!) that, for the sake of it, you would grant any boon we might ask, even to the pardoning of the greatest rascal in your dominions; and as such," he concluded, with downcast eyes, and a look of disclaiming modesty, "I do not think I arrogate too much to myself, in claiming the fulfilment of your royal promise."

The frown which had lowered upon the king's brow, was obliged to yield to the scarcely-suppressed laugh Lord Rochester's appeal had forced from all those to whom it was made; and after his own mirth had subsided sufficient to allow him to speak, he placed his hand on the earl's shoulder, exclaiming:

"Look ye, my lords, a miracle! Rochester has spoken the truth; and as it is only fair that one miracle should work another, he has our pardon; and verily, from the way we were inclined towards him, not two hours since, nothing short of a miracle could have obtained it for him; but see that a wonder so great as that of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, having once in his life, spoken the truth, be duly chronicled among the remarkable events of our reign; but George," he continued, turning to the duke of Bucks, "we think we owe thee a grudge, if thou knowedst this white-washed jackdaw under his borrowed plumes."

"Your majesty," replied the duke, "I think will acquit me of knowing Rochester, when he is so changed as to know himself."

"True, true," laughed the king; "but how comes it, Rochester, that we have heard nothing of thee during the whole time we have not seen thee? We knew thou wert not dead; because, had that been the case, England would have been, for the second time, edified with public thanksgiving for the plague of London having ceased."

This extract will enable our readers to form a correct judgment of the character of the work before us, both as to its matter and manner: and we feel assured that judgment will be highly creditable to the talents of the author.

THE NATCHES; an Indian Tale. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand, author of "Atala," &c. 3 vols. London. 1827.

We are really at a loss how to describe this work. It is, like the Viscount's other works, full of imagination, and feeling, and sentimentality; but it wants order, method, plan, and consistency. It has many beauties, and it has also glaring faults. It will bear neither condensation nor analysis: it soars above the rules of art, and wantons in the luxuriance of an unbridled fancy. Of such a work what can we say? save, that we are really at a loss what judgment to pronounce, and must, therefore, leave our readers to form their own opinion, if they shall feel disposed to read for themselves.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Our readers are, perhaps, aware that Captain Lyon, who accompanied Captain Parry on a former Northern Voyage of Discovery, has been lately wrecked, on his return from Mexico, on the Irish coast. We are now happy to state, that a large portion of his M. S. drawings, and other property, has been recovered from the wreck of the vessel. Among his other acquisitions, we are informed that this intelligent officer has brought home a fine ornithological collection; containing several new species of birds.

Dr. Fellowes has made a very noble bequest to the London University, of as much ground in the Regent's Park, as the council may deem requisite for a complete Botanic Garden.

A second edition of Mr. Dagley's popular work, "Death's Doings," is preparing for the press. It will contain new plates, and additional literary contributions from several distinguished writers.

Richard Westmacott, esq. R. A., was lately elected Professor of Sculpture, in the room of the late Mr. Flaxman.

The first Number of a work, to be entitled "The Quarterly Juvenile Review," is in the press, and will appear in the course of the present month.

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Fashionable Dinner & Evening Dresses for Women

Invented by Miss Weymouth, Edward Street, Portman Square

Ed. March, 1857, by Dean & Son, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR MARCH, 1827.

DINNER-DRESS.

A DRESS composed of rich French grey *gros de Naples*: the skirt is moderately full, and trimmed with two flounces, edged and wadded with narrow twisted pipings of French grey satin: boddice half high, with two falling capes richly scalloped and embroidered. Lace pelerine, confined at the waist by a deep satin band: sleeves *en gigot*.—An elegant fancy hat of black satin, trimmed with French grey riband, and finished on the left side with long black satin riband, terminating with a bow. Gold ornaments. White kid gloves, and satin shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A FULL-DRESS of white crape, over a white satin slip: the skirt is beautifully trimmed with a shell pattern of the same material, edged with black satin pipings, surmounted and finished by a *rouleau* of twisted crape, and black satin. Boddice trimmed in the shape of a stomacher; the bust edged with blond lace: long full sleeves, finished at the hands with points of crape and satin. Mantle of royal Scotch plaid, lined and faced with grey satin: a dress pelerine, and falling collar of satin.—Pearl ornaments.—White kid gloves, and satin shoes.

HEAD DRESS.

In the most fashionable assemblies at the present period, the hair in front is drest much lighter, and the curls not quite so large; but arranged sufficiently far back to meet the long hair, which is drest in exceedingly large bows, extending entirely across the head, with crimson and gold flowers tastefully arranged between the bows, and partially extending among the front curls. Coloured gauze is likewise much worn, but flowers are decidedly the favourite.

We are indebted to MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square, for these tasteful and elegant dresses; and for the novel head-dress, to MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE most approved out-door pelisse is composed of black *gros de Naples*, trimmed with the dark fur of the lynx. Some very beautiful walking dresses of pea-green *gros de Naples*, have appeared since the change of mourning; they are trimmed with a double flouncing of sable; the pelerine to correspond. Mantles and pelerines have undergone no change since our last report; nor are they likely to experience any, before the commencement of spring; especially since the introduction of the charming Pyrenean mantle.

The bonnets are of black velvet, or *gros de Naples*; those for the promenade are trimmed on the crown with chequered velvet. Large close black velvet bonnets for the morning walk, are ornamented between the puffings round the crown, with small bouquets of black ears of corn. A grey bonnet, ornamented with black feathers, is much in favour for carriage airings: for the promenade, black flowers supply the place of plumage. Some *capote* bonnets of pink satin, have made their appearance, and are much admired; they are tastefully ornamented with blond and flowers; round the edge is a deep border of blond lace.

Dresses of black *gros de Naples* are still worn at friendly dinner parties: they are trimmed at the border with a flounce set on straight, with vandyke-points, edged round with black velvet. Over the double-wadded hem, next the feet, are two rows of black velvet; and the flounce is surmounted by a *ruche* formed of bias gauze, doubled and quilled in the middle. The body is half-high, with a cleft collar falling over round the bust and back: this collar is edged with a quilling of bias gauze, over which is a puffing of the same material, confined by velvet straps and buttons. The sleeves are long, and finished at the wrists by velvet ornaments. A dinner dress of purple velvet has been greatly admired. It was elegantly trimmed at the border with three rows of puckered satin, placed at equal distances. The body was low, and made tight to the bust: the tops of the sleeves were formed in points, finished with a trimming to correspond with the border of the dress, over long sleeves of white

muslin or gauze, and confined at the wrists with gold bracelets. Round the bust was a deep falling of blond lace.

Evening dresses of pink gauze are in great estimation: they are generally trimmed with a full puffing of satin, surmounted by a deep flouncing of blond lace. The body is made low, with short, full sleeves, confined with a band and quilling of blond. The tucker is of blond to correspond with the skirt. With these elegant dresses, is worn a turban of *crepe lisse* and satin, ornamented with aigrettes.

Some evening full dresses of blue poplin, have lately appeared: they are trimmed at the border with a deep puffing of gauze, confined at equal distances by broad satin leaves, and surmounted by two deep rouleaux of satin. The body is made low with a stomacher front of lace. A deep frill of blond lace forms the epaulette and cape round the shoulder.

White and grey turbans, with black and white feathers, or white feathers tipped with black, are much in request. Black velvet toques, and dress hats, with white plumage, are worn at evening parties. Beret-turbans of black velvet, ornamented with bugles, prevail in half-dress, and in evening costume. Necklace and ear-rings of amethyst and rubies, are the chief ornaments.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

February 16th. 1827.

For the promenade, high dresses of tea-coloured gros de Naples, are the prevailing fashion. They are trimmed at the border of the skirt with three bias folds, separated by rouleaux. A large pelerine, entirely covering the corsage, is usually worn with these dresses. It is rounded behind, as are also the points in front; these are confined under the sash, which they pass through, and descend nearly to the knee. This pelerine is bordered by two rouleaux of satin. An elegant carriage pelisse appeared lately; it was of white crape lined with satin, and fastened down the front of the skirt, with rosettes of tartan riband. The body of the pelisse was plain, with a pelerine

cape, bound round with tartan riband, the same as that which formed the bows: a triple frill of blond encircled the throat.

Bonnets of white satin, lined with rose-colour, are much admired. They are trimmed with rose-coloured ribands, with a double row of blond lace falling over the edge of the brim. Hats of white satin, are trimmed with broad blond; and have one long drooping feather, in the weeping-willow style. Hats of velvet or satin, in every variety of colour, prevail much; and hats of white plush silk are lined with various colours, agreeably to the taste of the wearer: they are ornamented on the summit of the crown with rosettes, and two feathers—half white and half *ponçeau*. A beautiful carriage-hat of violet-coloured velvet, without either bows or strings, has been much admired: it is ornamented with a superb bird-of-Paradise; the head of which is fastened on one side of the brim, and the tail, turning over the brim, gives the effect of a long drooping feather.

Three ladies, remarkable in Paris for their elegance, and whom we have met in succession at the promenade, at the ball, and at a large evening party, have presented to our view the following dresses:—

1. A robe of white satin, or levantine, trimmed with a high border of swan's-down; the sleeves to correspond. Hat of white satin, ornamented with small heads of feathers and a very high blond lace.

2. A robe of crepe lisse, bird-of-Paradise colour, trimmed with a deep flouncing, bearing blue hyacinths, intermixed with ears of corn; on the head are placed hyacinths and ears of corn, arranged in the form of a garland.

3. A robe of white satin, trimmed with three rows of blond: *pelerine à la vielle*. Béret of celestial blue velvet, ornamented with blue marabouts.

The most elegant dress for a new-married lady, on her first appearance in public, is a gown of white gros de Naples, ornamented at the border with three rows of embroidery, in white floize silk. Tartan silk dresses, in great variety, are much worn in half dress; their lively colours produce a good effect by candle-light; for which reason they are very prevalent at the theatres. The sleeves are short, but there are generally added to them long transparent sleeves of white tulle, made very wide at the upper part of the arm.

The winter balls having taken place, the following are the newest ball-dresses. It is of tulle, over white satin: at the border is a very full *bouillon*, over which are placed large bows of five long loops, of white satin. Scrolls of white satin are placed across the front of the skirt, in bias, terminated at each end by a small bow, with a bouquet of yellow thistles. The body is made *en gerbe*, with a quilling of blond lace down each side of the bust, forming a stomacher. The sleeves are short, plain and full, with an ornament on each shoulder, of a five-looped bow, to correspond with those placed on the *bouillon* of the skirt. The hair with this dress is elegantly arranged in curls and bows, interspersed with yellow thistle. For balls that do not require much dress, or for private dances, coloured crape frocks form a very favourite costume: their trimmings consist, principally, of narrow rouleaux of satin. Some have ruches of crape, with rosettes of satin, placed at equal distances from each other.

The hair at balls is dressed very wide on each side of the face, in full curls. A bow of hair is placed on the summit of the head, in front, which is surmounted by flowers and foliage; but it is most fashionable to have the leaves of the same colour as the flowers. Ribands of celestial blue, figured with silver, or ponceau, figured with gold, are frequently placed among the tresses of young persons. Bérêts of plain tulle have a braided ornament placed obliquely across. They are not so large as they were last month, and are infinitely more becoming. Some have two bouquets placed over the left ear, composed of lilies of the valley, roses, and jessamine: several toques, formed of coloured crape and satin, have, on the right, seven marabout feathers, four at the summit and three below; and five are also placed at the left side. Turkish turbans are made of striped velvet, frequently mixed with gold gauze. The dress hats are very small, and are made of white satin, ornamented with feathers of shaded yellow: at the base of these plumes is a spiral marabout, which has a fine effect; and bows of gauze, of shaded yellow, tastefully disposed under the brim, render this a very elegant head-dress for evening parties.

The most fashionable colours are, tea-green, rose-colour, auricula-brown, violet, ponceau, and celestial blue.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

POETICAL ESSAY

ON
MARRIAGE.

An ingenious commentator has observed, "that the woman was made of a rib, taken out of the side of the man, not out of his head, to *rule* him; not out of his feet, to be *trampled* upon by him; but out of his side, to be his equal—under his arm, to be protected—near his heart, to be beloved."

.....

MARRIAGE was first by Providence designed,
To be the hope and comfort of mankind;
He on the ordinance his sanction prest,
He the first priest, the first formed marriage blest.
Vainly for man the Eden flow'rets shed
Their balmy fragrance o'er his lonely bed!
Vainly for him the waters flowed along,
There was no music in the birds' soft song;
For none, save him, the cheering sun-beams shone;
'Then God saw 'twas "not good to be alone."
He kindly formed, his paradise to share,
A creature formed like him, but soft and fair,
A being decked with heaven's creative grace,
An angel's spirit with an angel's face;
Then all which, undivided, failed to charm,
Shared by another, yielded sweetest balm.
Oh! urge not, then, 'tis right to live alone;
God says not so, the God whose truth we own;
For like an exile, man in Eden roved,
Till woman came, so fit to beloved;
Came in her native grace and beauty drest,
And although Heav'n's last gift,—she was the best.
Marriage was formed in Heaven—'tis heaven on earth—
When it is founded on esteem and worth.

Oh! what were man, if woman ne'er had smiled?
A lonely wretch—and earth had been a wild:
When sorrow points at him her scorpion dart,
And anguish fills his lone-distracted heart,—
When misery seems to blast his spring of life,—
Oh! then his friend and solace is his wife.
Does fortune frown? are enemies unkind?
Say, is he scorn'd and hated by mankind?—
When every heart is closed—to him unblest—
His home of comfort is her faithful breast.
Thence he may look upon the world's alarms;
Though all may spurn, yet open are her arms.
Yet, mark! the nuptial temple should be built
Not on distrust, on riches, or on guilt.
Marriage should not be all the lover's dream;
It should be founded on the rock, Esteem.
Love should itself the superstructure raise,
And VIRTUE gild it with her sacred rays.

Think not—exempt from woe, the married life,
Much will the husband pain—nor less the wife;
Trials alike beset the wedded pair,
And both must learn to 'bear and to forbear.'
He is her head, her guardian, and her friend,
The sovereign lord to whom her wishes bend:
To him she should her willing tribute pay;
And love, and honour, and with truth obey.
And what is she?—a creature form'd to share
His fond affection, his protecting care:
His heart her empire, shielded from all harms—
His breast her pillow, and her home his arms.

There have been senseless wits, and learned fools,
Who judge of all things by their narrow rules;
By them the bliss of wedlock is denied,
And virtuous love and honour are decried.
Then let such triumph;—let them say, "we're free,"
And hug a chain which they style liberty:
Yet there was one (and who dare call a fool,
The great apostle of Gamaliel's school?)
He Marriage call'd an "honourable state,"
Ordain'd by heaven, and not by casual fate:

And there was still a greater, wiser One,
Said " 'Tis not good for man to be alone."

Philander lived the virtuous life of truth,
Bless'd in the faithful partner of his youth;
Misfortunes came: a recompense for life
He found the fond affection of his wife.
When brighter scenes dispell'd these clouds of shade,
His Mary's smile, his former ills o'erpaid;
His children duteous, and himself beloved,
The brightest joys of married life he proved:
And when he bow'd beneath the hand of death,
His faithful wife received his parting breath,
Kiss'd his pale lip, and closed his glassy eye,
His friend through life received his dying sigh.
Oh! not unhonour'd doth Philander rest—
His children "rise to call his memory blessed;"
And as the willows o'er his ashes wave,
They weep, sincerely, o'er their father's grave.

See yonder contrast: Edward's youthful days
Were past in pleasure's captivating ways;
His joys prophane, and grovelling in the dust—
To God, to man—and to himself, unjust.
He knows not love, or knows it but by name,
'Twas passion brought that wretched girl to shame;
Whose death or worse, whose life of infamy
Shall bring on him whole years of misery:
Unblest by fond affection; with no heart
Alike in joy and grief to bear a part,
His span of brief existence quickly flies,
He lives unhonoured, unlamented dies.
What kindred weep upon his lordly bier,
Who mourns him?—surely not his reckless heir.
A venal epitaph his tomb may grace
And show "unwept by love" his resting place.
But a few years, and moss o'ergrows the spot,
His name, his lineage, and himself, forgot.*

M. L. D.

* We have pleasure in complying with the writer's wishes by stating, that this Poetical Essay reached us previous to the insertion of the Prize Essay on Marriage.

SONNET

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

From a new edition of "Sonnets and other Poems" in the press.

~~~~~  
To ———.

LADY! if from my young but clouded brow  
The light of rapture fade so fitfully—  
If the mild lustre of thy sweet blue eye  
Awake no lasting joy,—Oh! do not thou,  
Like the gay throng, disdain a child of woe,  
Or deem his bosom cold!—Should the low sigh  
Bring to the voice of bliss unmeet reply,  
Oh! bear with one whose rugged path below  
The tempest fiend hath crossed! The blast of doom  
Scatters the ripening bud, the full-blown flower  
Of hope and joy, nor leaves one living bloom,  
Save Love's wild evergreen, that dares its power,  
And clings to this lone heart, young Pleasure's tomb,  
Like the fond ivy on the ruined tower.

## TIME.

ON! on! our moments hurry by,  
Like shadows of a passing cloud,  
Till general darkness wraps the sky,  
And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.  
He sports, he trifles time away,  
Till time is his to waste no more:  
Heedless he hears the surges play,  
And then is dashed upon the shore.  
He has no thought of coming days,  
Though they alone deserve his thought;  
And so the heedless wanderer strays,  
And treasures nought and gathers nought.  
Though wisdom speak—his ear is dull;  
Though virtue smile—he sees her not:  
His cup of vanity is full,  
And all besides forgone—forgot.

*Time's Telescope.*

STANZAS.

---

FORGET thee? when the life is fled,  
Which warms this throbbing breast;  
When, numbered with the silent dead,  
I sleep within my narrow bed,  
In calm unbroken rest.

Forget thee? yes, when mem'ry's pow'r  
Shall cease to cheer my heart,  
When dreams of this thy fav'rite bow'r,  
Visions of many a former hour,  
And happier days depart.

Yes, yes, when dark oblivious sway,  
Obscures each fond regret;  
When life's last breath hath past away,  
And, bound in death's cold chains I lay,  
Will this fond heart forget.

You tell me, when I oft have strayed  
Through the gay festive hall,  
I shall forget the forest shade,  
Like music of the wild cascade,  
And rushing waterfall.

You say, amid the courtly throng,  
In crowded scenes forgot,  
Will be the artless simple song,  
Borne on the evening breeze along,  
From thy sequestered cot.

I may forget the forest shade,  
And e'en our last farewell;  
But never from my heart, dear maid,  
The fond remembrance e'er shall fade,  
Of thee, my Rosabel.

Then chase away that falling tear,  
And hush the struggling sigh;  
Oh, banish every idle fear;  
Believe me, thou art far more dear,  
Then all, the world calls, joy.

L. W.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER, ON HER ATTAINING HER  
TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

THE rising of this morning's Sun  
Proclaims my Fanny twenty-one;  
O may she then, this joyous day,  
The worth of ripen'd years display;  
May ev'ry precept taught in youth  
Shine forth with undiminished truth;  
May wit, good taste, and sense refined,  
Be this day traced in Fanny's mind;  
And INNOCENCE and VIRTUE meet  
To form the WOMAN ALL COMPLETE!

Possessed of these, should Fanny's heart  
E'er feel the force of Cupid's dart,  
And with some wisely-chosen youth,  
(Fond in affection's glowing truth,)  
Be tempted to unite her fate  
In wedlock's pure, and happy state,  
Indulgent Heav'n—on thee I cry,  
To bless—thrice bless—her destiny.  
Protective prove, and lead her, pray,  
With safety down life's thorny way;  
Let no destructive sorrows shed  
Their dire effects on Fanny's head;  
No cank'ring cares her peace destroy,  
But—"strew'd be all her paths with joy."  
With meek religion's holy fire,  
Her tender thoughts, kind Heav'n, inspire!  
Teach her, by thy all-pow'ful rod,  
Truth and obeisance to her God.  
Then—finding thus my Fanny bless'd,  
With ev'ry comfort, ease, and rest—  
Whene'er my fleeting days shall cease,  
(And hourly they, alas!—decrease!)  
From Death I'll cheerful hear my doom,  
And sink, contented, to the tomb!

*Charlotte-street,  
Bloomsbury.*

H. G.

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 THE APPROACH OF SPRING.
 

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FAIR rising from her icy couch,  
 Wan herald of the floral year,  
 The Snow-drop marks the Spring's approach,  
 E'er yet the Primrose groups appear,  
 Or peers the Arum from its spotted veil,  
 Or odorous Violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then thickly strewn in woodland bowers  
 Anemonies their stars unfold;  
 There springs the Scirel's veined flowers,  
 And rich in vegetable gold  
 From calyx pale, the freckled Cowslip born,  
 Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo! the green Thorn her silver buds  
 Expands to May's enlivening beam;  
 Hottonia blushes on the floods;  
 And where the slowly trickling stream  
 Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,  
 Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthes hides.

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 NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.
 

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We have carefully read over the Contributions of Charles M. S. and beg to express our willingness to insert some of them, did we not apprehend that in so doing we should gratify the writer at his own expense. We feel he is capable of better things, and that a little care and attention would render the cultivation of his poetic talents creditable to himself.

We beg to assure J. L. that the delay in the insertion of "The Venetian" has arisen from the pressing claims of earlier Correspondents. It will appear in our next.

W. K. M. has had a private letter addressed to her at Stanmore.

Harriet.—T. S.—and Juvenis—are received.

Sketches by D. L. M. through press of matter, are unavoidably postponed to our next.

## ERRATA.

In noticing the death of Miss Bengier in our last, it was stated that she acquired her Latin education at a boy's school: we have since been favoured with a note from her reverend preceptor, stating that she received her instructions in that language at Gosport, in Hampshire, at the house of her father, then a purser in the navy.

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*Painted by Wageman.*

*Engraved by W. B. Wood.*

*Mr. Braham.*

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